From The London Specialor.

and wild waves in headlong hage commette
dark with tempost, o'er the Atlantic's brea
underneath, few fathoms doep in Ocean,

rms in mid-air, the rack before them sweeping, surry and hiss, like furies hate-possessed; the over all white cloudlets pure are sleeping in peace, in rest.

Heart, O wild heart! why in the storm-world ranging
Fitt'st thou thus midway, passion's slave and jest,
When all so near above, below, unchanging
Are Heaven, and rest!

A. G. B.

## HET:

IA ROMANCE OF THE BUSH) I was on some government duty last year in the South Wales that took me into the local ostoffices. In the back parlor at the Gundarco ostoffice I had a long chat with the son of the postmistress, a fine young fellow perhaps a little over thirty. He was manager to a local sheep-king, and rejeiced in the curious Christian name of

that says in the world. It was all ti-tree scrub.

If you know what that is you'll understand, Never seen any? Oh, well it's scrub, that is all little trees, with their leaves all on the top. All of trees, with their leaves all on the top. All of tem alike. Just too slender and weak to bear a man's climbing up one to look round; too far apart for you to swarm up twe at once, arms and legs, you know; and yet too close for you to see they are the sound of the see that the se legs, you know; and yet too close for you to see sun or stars, night or day. That sort of scrub is the cruellest of all. If you know your way, well and good; but if you once get wrong, Lord help you! You're bushed, as sure as you're nlive. Unless you chance on a track or come across a camp, you may lie down and give it up. As long as your water barr'l holds out—so'll you. After that, you may give yourself a day or two to die in; perhaps another two days, if you're a tough soft. Your bones 'll be there years after. Well, that's what he had to ride through for hours and hours and hours, the second day; and at night he ought to be about through it, if he kep the track and made out to reach the open again. Then the track was across a fern gully, with a creek at the bottom; and there he camped for the night. Then he had an eighty mile ride the next day, straight through the Blue-gum forest into Gundarco.

The chap that rode with the mails then was a large of the property of the pr

coming, though.

The boss at the shanty told Standard, as he fixed up his water-barr'l behind him in the saddle, that a storekeeper and his wife and child, and his chum, had started the day before for a station where they'd got a berth. They had to follow the tiundaroo track a bit, and then strike across the bush to the station. "It isn't far they've to go, he said, "but they're new chums, and the woman is to be started right enough when Standard told her it had got to be done. There wesn't much said on the ride. It was rough stepping, and "Lady" 'd to pick her way, and Standard had to help her and steady the light enough when Standard told her it had got to be done.

There wesn't much said on the ride. It was rough stepping, and "Lady" 'd to pick her way, and Standard had to help her and steady the poor lass behind with the baby in her right arm and her left hand on his belt; and she was looking on both sides to see if she could see the two men. Except to beg Standard to ston a he said, "but they're new chums, and the woman looked a bit delicate, as well as having a young

thinking of the mails, when he saw it wasn't a horse or a man, but a tall silp of a young woman, dead or perhaps only dying, laid on the ground with her back propped against a tree, and a poor little baby clinging to her breast.

them. But he set to and got a little water first, and then water with a dash of brandy in it between her blue lips; and rubbed her forchead and hands well and laid her so as the blood—once the spirit had started it again—could flow a bit quicker to her poor brain. A bushman has to be a bit of a doc or, you know. Then the baby started to help by giving a loud shrick, and the young woman opened her eyes and sighed like, and he kep' on giving her water and spirit as she could take it, till she could feel herself more comfortable. He didn't start talking to her then, knowing she wanted all her strength to come fortable. He didn't start talking to her then, knowing she wanted all her strength to come round; but he put the baby back in her arms and the mother in her prompted her like to take a good long pull at the drink in the billy—so as the kid might get some in a while, you know.

After a bit she started to cry in a low sort of way, and then Standard, he set by her, and cheered her up and told her not to take on. He told her she was found; and that all the worst of being lost was done with and not to cry and so on. All the time, poor fellow, though he first lady," about 5 o'clock, he after he'd fed "Lady," about 5 o'clock, he are the started to and not cory and so on. All the time, poor fellow, though he

the kid might get some in a while, you know.

After a bit she started to cry in a low sort of way, and then Standard, he set by her, and cheered her up and told her not to take on. He told her she was found; and that all the worst of being lost was done with and not to cry and so on. All the time, properficient though he of being lost was done with and not to cry and so on. All the time, poor fellow, though he didn't hurry her, he knew he was losing time dreadfully and would hardly make the creek to camp by before nightfall. Thinking of that he suddenly remembered the woman had got to go too, or be left to die where she was. Standard was wondering what the deuce he should do with her, when she started and told him how she come there. It seemed she was the wife of the storeever thirty. He was manager to a local sheep-king, and rejoiced in the curious Christian name of flet. The following is his account of the circumstances that led to his being so named.

I was there certainly, but I don't remember much about it. I was told. I can vouch for the truth of it, for she and him too, often and often have told it to me and others. They've told it apart, each by their two selves, and they often tell it together—she telling about him, making him out to have been the hero, and he telling it all so that she was the hero—heroine, I should say. But I expect each of 'em always told it in about the same words. You see it was an epoch like, and sort of fixed itself in their memories—and what happened after fixed it fi mr yet.

T've been manager on this station up behind here eight years, and I was "boy" here pointing with his pipe-stem to the floor) eight years; at school here in Gundarco till I was fourteen; so I suppose it must have been thirty-four years ago—near enough.

The colony wasn't settled near so much as it is now. The coach from Sydney didn't reach foundarco not by three days' ride, and the mails was carried on horseback once a week the rest of the way. After the coach-road for a bit—say treative rides the track was good enough, and they rides the track was good enough, and they offer in glude em to come the circum that the deuce he should do with her, when she started and told him how she come there, it seemed she was the wise of the suddenly remembered the woman had got to go too, or be left to die where she was. Standard was woodering what the deuce he should do with her, when she started and told him how she come there, it seemed she was the wise of the suddenly remembered the woman had got to go too, or be left to die where she was. Standard was woodering what the deuce he should do with her, when she started and told him how she come there, it is can be suddenly remembered the woman had got to go too, or be left to die where she was. Standard was woodering what the deuce he sh Gundaroo not by three days' ride, and the mails was carried on horseback once a week the rest of the way. After the coach-road for a bit—say they didn't come, scared out of her life and twenty miles—the track was good enough, and there were stations further than that; but by the end of the first day's ride you reached the last house or hut you were to see till you sighted Gundaroo.

The first night the mail-carrier put up at and the child was c-ying for d-rak and she'd and the child was c-ying for d-rak and she'd see they couldn't speak, and they never come. By and by she got thirsty and faint, and the child was c-ying for d-rak and she'd see they couldn't speak, and they never come. By and by she got thirsty and faint, and the child was c-ying for d-rak and she'd see they couldn't speak, and they never come. By and by she got thirsty and faint, and the child was c-ying for d-rak and she'd The first night the mail-carrier put up at "Paddy's Shanty," a sort of an inn on the track. The next morning he statted—all alone, mind you, with valuable mail-bags—across as nasty a piece of bush as you'll find in Australia, and I suppose of bush as you'll find in Australia, and I suppose that gave in the world. It was all litters seemb.

that, you may give yourself a day or two to did in; perhaps another two days, if you're a tough rot. Your bases 11 be there years after. Well, that's what he had to ride through for bours and hours and hours, the second it is a show was they and the baby to get out of this? She didn't want to move from where she was, poor women, in case her husband she was the second with the first of the key high the work to be out to re're the open again. Then the track was access a ferm guilly, with a creek at the bottom; and there he camped for the next day, straight through the mais them was. To heavy if her the first of the heavy is the second with the mais them was. To heavy if her the heavy is the second with the mais them was spended fellow. Standard his mane was. To heavy if her the heavy is the second with the mais them was a spended fellow. Standard his mane was. To heavy if her them and the substance of the second was the heavy if he heavy is the wasted a fellow of lid opinion. The control waste is the form and the heat and the snakes at night, there was the lonelines. That one fellow, all alone in that great will district, riding through the work of the saper happy; and the snake of the work in those days, it wasn't reseally for no good.

He used to say, "When a man's got her Majesty's precious mail-bace, with her own the heat of the rough the work of the scale, nothing was allowed to deep the head of the control of the scale, which he work to a substance of the product of the product

The time I'm telling you of was in the hot season. The ground we all cracked and dry. The ground was terrible in want of water.

On the Saturday after New Year's Day, when Standard left "Paddy's Santy," it was a hot wind, awful to ride in. They thought rain was coming, though.

So he gets his blanket out of his kit and straps it behind his saddle, and then he took and laid the baby on the tree rost, while he swung the woman on to the blanket, behind the saddle. Then he handed her up the child and got carefully into the saddle himself, leaving them all the room he could, she used to say. "Lady" looked round, a bit doubtful of the extra weight and the langung petticoats on one side, but statted right enough when Standard told her it had got to be done.

looking on both sides to see if she could see the two men. Except to beg Standard to stop a minute and shout, once or twice, in case her husband and his chum was near, she never spoke. "They've only two horses then," says Standard, looking along the track, "unless the third horse them."

"They've only two horses then," says Standard, standard knew it must be hopeless, and the further they get the more hopeless it must get; but he was a tender hearted feltow, and he couldn't stand hearing

another couple of pounds—let alone a woman and baby—on Lady without knocking her up."

"Well, you ain't got to," says the boss, and laughs as he watches Standard put Lady into a steady canter along the track, where the two sets of hoof-marks showed in the sand.

"Lady" was a fine black mare. Very swift but just a thought too light for Standard and tile bags, some said. He wouldn't allow it. He said:
"She reaches Gundaroo as fresh as need be on Monday night, and by the time she has to start on Uhursday, she's wild to be on the road." He only travelled once a fortnight on her. The other week he rode a roan, a bigger bruce, but not halt so sensible and kind-like as "Lady." She was a born hald—Standard used to say. Her mother was "Duchess," whereas the roan was the son of "Mikmaid," althour h he was called "Emperor. She could have gone the whole way alone, if need be, he said; she was so trustworthy.

Well, we was to tell it how he rode through that Saturday in the ti-tree scrub, thinking of the party on in front, in whose tracks he was galloping. It was just near the end of the scrub, he noticed, where they left off and started on a scarcely visible track to the station away to the track like a dead person or horse. He had his hand on his pistol as he trotted up to it, he said; thinking of the mails, when he saw it wasn't a borse or a man, but a tall slip of a young woman, dead or perhaps only dying, laid on the ground with her back propped against a tree, and a poor tittle baby chinging to ber breast.

"Lord of all!" muttered Standard, as He below the he had, when he to be the bay, and took himself of. When he came back, he says, he found the bay sales, and smoothed and title somehow, and the layer of a substandard and and title somehow, and the layer of the sack had in the woman assessment starting the start, and sits up, and says undealing, "Missing and the woman dow, and the sways, he from failing at the mouth of the saddle, from failing and thim so heavy. He had want to the was a true that the woman down and

with her back propped against a tree, and a poor intitle baby clinging to her breast.

"Lord of all!" muttered Standard, as He jumped off "Lady's" back and stood over the woman. He raised her as tenderly almost as she would have done her own child. The little one, he used to say, started crying—a kind of wail—and opened its eyes in that sort of way that you know it hadn't long stopped crying, but just wake up and began again where it had left off. Hye two kida of my own now, and I know—not that they've ever had to lie alongside a mother as breast as cold as that poor soul's. Thank they he would have done her own how he meant to say this particular kid cried.

Standard hadn't no need to tether "Lady" to make her stop alongside, ahe was such a reasonable boast; but he put her bridle over a tree-branch, for all that. Certainty is worth a deal of faith when it's about being left alone in a tires sorub without your horse and kib.

When he came back, he says, he found the baby aslee, and son the bit of glass handy, and took humsel tot. When he came had, as a him-women are so clever in woman as neat as a pin—women are so clever in straightening themselves—and the panish and the fire raked together. The woman as neat as a pin—women are so clever in straightening themselves—and the fire raked together. The woman as neat as a pin—women are so clever in straightening themselves—and the fire raked together. The woman as neat as a pin—women are so clever in straightening themselves—and the fire raked together. The woman as neat as a pin—women are so clever in straightening themselves—and the panish in and the woman as neat as a pin—women are so clever in straightening themselves—and the fire raked together. The woman as neat as a pin—women are so clever in straightening these, and the fire raked together. The woman as neat as a pin—women are so clever in the troek, where it had can the fire raked up, and the fire raked together. The woman is a the tree with ben easily and seat to great and the fire raked up, and the fire ra

morning.

After he'd fed "Lady," about 5 o'clock, he groomed her up in style, for, he used to say, he must have the horse that carried the "Royal Shemail" as smart as possible. Later on, when he saw the woman after her night's rest in the fresh early morning, and had got her to eat a bit of breakfast, he was quite pleased to see how much better she looked.

the woman after her night's rest in the fresh ear y morning, and had got her to eat a bit of breakfast, he was quite pleased to see how much better she looked.

He'd a great work, he said, to make her go without him, though she wasn't a bit atraid for herself. He had to say he shouldn't be so far behind, and swear he could walk pretty nearly as fast as "Lady"'d go, and so on. He showed her how to fire the pistol, and told ker to let "Lady" choose the way if she felt doubtful about the track among the gum-trees. Of course he cheered her up all he could, though feeling bad at letting a woman and a baby go alone all that way. You see, there were bushrangers to be feared then. He was afraid to say much about taking care of the mails for fear of frightening her. He just said, there they was, in front of the saddle, and that she must take 'em straight to the office touch them. Then he told her about sending the two parties back to meet him and her husband. He said—as he saw her sitting so easy in the saddle, and the baby lying in her lar, tied to her by her shawl; and her right arm free for the pistol, if need be, his spirits rose a bit—she looked able to do it. He wanted to give her his mail badge, but she says no, she wouldn't have it. She'd be safer without. He didn't quite see what she meant. But when it was all over—but there, if I tell you the story that way, you'll know how it ended too soon.

Well, there ain't much more to tell aftec all. Mother, she roid straight along the track into Gandaroo. Ah! I see I've told you now! Yes it was my mother, that was; and I'm the baby!

She said why she wouldn't wear the badge was for the same reason as she hung her shawl over the mail-bags as soon as she was ont of Standard's sight. No one, she thought, would think a woman and child worth robbing.

She left him just at the beginning of the forest. He says he walked by the horse a bit to see how she carried her; and then was hid from him in the trees. Well, to cut a long story short, mother and me rode into Gundaroo at 9 o

well enough.

Mother was dead tired; and I was asleep, as com-

Whence the arrows of vision fall-Or I send my glance where the quick drops dance With the pattering call of the rain,

To their comrades asleep in the hidden deep Of the subterranean main. Or if storms are out, and the free winds shout With fitful falls and swells,
A steadfast glow of light I throw On my gleaming parallels. I guide the train o'er the level plain

A swiftly nearing star,
And I ben't and swerve where the mountains curve My iron-bound path to bar; Up their rocky steeps the fleet flame leaps, Or I flash in their depths below, Till the mosses that dress each dim recess And the nodding ferns I show; I spring to illume the frowning gloom Of precipices gray,

And waters smile from the deep defile,

In my momentary day. Where the wood benign, with beck and sign Invites all timid things,
To its shelter spread for the crouching head,
And its covert for drooping wings. I bear my light, till in vain affright The doe with her trembling fawn

And the creatures meek that refuge seek In the forest shade withdrawn, Press closer yet to the copse dew-wet, Or speed through the whispering grass, To hide them away from the searching ray

I shoot through the dark as I pass. As a meteor flies in star-set skies By a myriad moveless spheres, I hurry along where the lamp-lights throng As the sleeping town appears; Like the coming of Fate, to those who wait Till I bear their loved away, I seem as I shine down the widening line, Ere I pause for a moment's stay; But he who feels those rolling wheels Lead home, to his heart's desire, Can half believe his eyes perceive The prophet's chariot of fire. Still on and on till the night is gone I follow the vibrant rails, Till the east is red, and overhead

The star of the morning pales; As foes may fear the soldier's spear, But comrades have no dread, The lances of light I hurled at the night Pierce not where sunbeams spread, So I cease my rays when the heaven ablaze Proclaims the darkness fied.

HARDY JACKSON.

THE HUMAN AUCTION. He: here are lives by the score to sell.

Up to the platform, gents, and bid:
Make me an offer, they'll pay you well—
All of 'om ripe for the coffin lid.
Here is a woman pinched and pale.
Flying her needle for daily bread;
Give me a shirt for her—more on sale,
Dying! gentlemen—dying!—dead!

A family, six in number, here,
Fresh from a cellar in Somers' Town;
Mother her sixth confinement near,
Father and brats with fever down.
"Twas Pestilence spoke then, was it not?
"An open sewer," I think he said;
Well, his offer shall buy the lot,
Dying! gentlemen—dying!—dead!

Now, good customers, here's a chance:
A thousand men in the prime of life,
Wielders of musket, sword, and lance,
Armed and drilled for the deadly strife.
General Warfare lifts his hand—
"A bullet for each," cries the gent in red.
No offer but his,—fast flows the sand,
Dying! gentlemen—dying!—dead!

A body of tellers worn and weak,
Clerks and curates and writing men—
Look at the flush on each sunken cheek,
Mark the fingers that grasp the pen!
Come, good gentlemen, can't we dea!!
Has Drudgery's eye for bargains fed t
He offers, at last, the price of a meal—
Dying! gentlemen—dying!—dead!
Grost

THE NEW SALON.

WHAT THE AMERICAM ARTISTS ARE DOING IN PARIS,

At various times during the year, from a week after one Salon closes till within three weeks of the opening of the next, every artist in Faris, of real or fancied prominence, says to himself, "Well, I must begin my Salon." Then he orders a toile or canvas of five by three yards if he is a pieine airiste, or the same number of inches if he is a historical interior same number of inches if he is a historical interior man. And the subjects, too, will differ very much man. And the subjects, too, will differ very much with the man who is to paint it. If he is a classicist, he will read Plutarch and the Bible till he comes across a subject not too backneyed, which will serve as an excuss for an exhibition of good drawing and bad painting: if he is the historical man I spoke of he'll look over old engravings and costumes till he has found something a little less hackneyed than usual. If he is an impressionist he won't trouble his head If he is an impressionist he won't trouble his head about costumes at all. He'll merely match ribbons, a "tonality in browns," or an "arrangement in green and red," or an "agony in whites"; happy man if he finds it; he goes to work contentedly enough, and hardly knows if his figure is in the right or left hand of his canvas, and much less if it is sitting down or

standing up. At a latin school I used to attend there were cer and began "The boy stood on the burning deck," or "What is that, mother? The swan, my child," he was politely but firmly told to step down and out.

And in the same way I think it ought to be understood that certain subjects will not be admitted to the Salon. For instance, there is Guenn. Ever since Miss Howard's clever story was published we have seen nothing but Guenn in the pictures of a certain set. Guenn invariably has been sitting in her first communion clothes, or in a wheelbarrow, or cooking "pot bouille," or sculling a boat. Her cap and collar will never wear out; they are more exasperatingly well starched in each picture. In fact, they are so

well starched in each picture. In fact, they are so prominent that some was called Daguan Houverot's last picture "An Occasion de linge."

If Turks and French soldiers could also be abolished we might breathe more freely. Couture used to say that when a man couldn't paint a Frenchman and apple trees he went to Algiers or Egypt and painted. Manualities and palm trees, and then came

and apple trees he went to Agiers or Paype and painted Mamelukes and palm trees; and then came back and told people his things were good; and they believed him, never having seen the original.

The French soldiers are certainly well enough painted, for every one knows how they look. It really seems as if the stock of French victories in the Parace-Prussian war, certainly not large, might have Franco-Prussian war, certainly not large, might have been exhausted in fifteen years of painting; but ap-parently they flow on forover. One of the last pictures added to the Luxembourg Gallery represents a "lot of Prussian Cuirassiers fleeing before a smaller number of Frenchmen," After looking at it you'd think there had never been an Uhlan in France.

"And onward still the Northern lion bore, And still the scattered Southron fied before." If these and the rather large number of more or

less improper pictures were excluded, we should have our Salon considerably cut down, and, as I think, we

should be but little the losers.

Jean Francois Millet, in one of his letters, says he would like to have the Salon closed for three years, and then each exhibitor only allowed to send one nude figure. "Then," he says, "we should see how much of this fine work is knowledge and how much

cieverness and chie."

For the old artist all that remains, the subject once decided on, is to paint the picture and send it to the Salon. The painting may be a long agony of preparatory sketches and drawings; of scrapings-out and scumblings, and the long wait between the sending in of the picture and the opening of the Salon; and these may be disagreeable to the old painter, but he is sparred the ordeal through which the beginners from the academies have to pass. For so Jealous are the professors of their reputation that it is a matter of etuquetoe for any pupil of theirs, before exhibiting a picture, to consult the professor on its merits. If he doesn't co this the professor on its merits, if he doesn't to this the professor takes no interest in voting for the admission of the picture, if indeed he doesn't vote against it. As an offset to all this, if on seeing a work before the exhibition he says he likes it, the fortune of the picture is made, as far as its admission goes, that is. The old gentleman will ask his associates as a favor to vote for his protege; and in Paris, as in some other places we know of, merit is not the only requisite for success, it's a sorry day, then, for the wrotched student when the aspirants are expected to show their pictures to the professors. Those great powers are closeted in a small room, and to reach it the young man must go through the atcher in which his lehow-students are working. The moment he appreasance of the professors are also to each thave too many people see their work. As this kind usually fail to appear in the great exhibition, it's perhaps as well that they should have their day of notoriety, if not of admiration. It was by the kindness of one of these gentlemen that I was privitezed to see a picture which was a wonderfal melange of liastien Lepage and Kate Greenaway, with a strong dash of native incapacity; it was one of those impressive apple trees which we used to make with colored pencils as small boys—perfectly round, with equally round apples dotted here ejeverness and chie."

For the old artist all that remains, the subject once

concrete pencies as small boys—perfectly round, with capitally contributed applies dotted here and desire where the professor sits in Julignest. Sometimes they your man counts out trying not to sufficiency in a deep for words. There is another fery furnace through which is two must pass. That is the entrance through which is two must pass. That is the entrance through which is two must pass. That is the entrance through the patterns, you'll letter understand—sharfs or such part of the property of the property of the perfect o

## NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY.

strand, with or without seals in the centre, the fancy French link, and the platina and gold combination, in the French and also in the usual style.

Now that the Russian table ware in gold is so much prized here it is not strange to see sems of the most beautiful and characteristic patterns of this ware repreduced on link buttons and other articles of jewelry.

A very elegant lace pin of novel design is a round brooch bearing a large diamond in the centre, having a wreath of diamonds around the circumference and in the intermediate space delicate open work of black enamel.

Said a well-known Broad Church Episcopal clergyman the other day: "The tendency in our Church is undoubtedly in the direction of High Churchism. This is seen in the General Convention and in the various

OLD MR. ROTTLE.

A BOARDING HOUSE EPISODE,

Everybody knew that dinner was nearly ready as the combined odor of boarding-house vegetables had become

so painfully intense. so painfully intense.

Old Mr. Rottle wandered downstairs on the early bird principle and took his seat. It may have been owing to the rain and rough weather outside, but the old man was not in the best humor. He acted as though the world had hustled him some and he wanted to drown sorrow in dinner. The bell rang as he sent a pair of foraging eyes about the table and the other boarders began to drop in. The Two Maiden Ladies were the first to arrive, then the Young Lady Boarder attended by the Bank Clerk and with everybody following.

No one noticed old Mr. Rottle's gloom. The Bank Clerk

was in such high spirits that his sallies with the Young was in such high spirits that his saints while the Lady Boarder occupied the attention of the table.

The elder Malden Lady was shocked at such a flow of spirits and remarked it to her companion, who ate three

olives and said it was scandalous.

As for the Bank Clerk he was in a reckless state, He

As for the Bank Clerk he was in a recursiving the devoured two plates of soup without scrutinizing the composition, and chatted affably across the table with the Young Lady Boarder.

"Had quite an adventure to-day," he remarked, spilling some cranberry sauce on the table-cloth and putting his

"Had quite an adventure to-day," he remarked, spilling some cranberry sauce on the table-cloth and putting his butter-dish over the spot.

The Young Lady Boarder was all interest immediately, and so was everybody cles, except old Mr. Rottle.

"You see when I was up in Connecticut last month," said the Bank Clerk, "I lost my umbrella. It rained so I had to sail into a country store and invest a dollar and eight cents in a family cotton. I had trouble with that umbrella right off. It wasn't spread ten minutes before the dye began to run and the water fell off the ribs in great brown drops, just as though it was raining molasses. I hurried to catch a train and when I tried to furl that umbrella the stick was swelled; I had to climb on the back platform and it took me twelve minutes to get that Connecticut cotton together. To-day I whittled the stick down and tried the umbrella again. There was a crowd on Wall-st., but I was burrying along and thinking pretty hard when a seedy old cove in front of me calls over his shoulser as angry as can be, 'Hey there, you young rascal, get your umbrella out of my collar,' and sure enough!" added the Bank Clerk chuckling lumoderately, 'in the crowd a rib of my cotton umbrella had got wedged between the old party's neck and collar and and was dripping molasses colored rain down his back."

At this point old Mr. Rottle turned red and suddenly put his hands to the back of his neck.

"You young wretch," he exclaimed in tones that frembled with anser. 'Not content with poking your umbrella into me on the street you make a jest of it in public. The rudeness and flippancy of the rising generation is past endurance," and choking with indignation and soup the old man hurried out of the dining-room.

There was an appalled silence for some minutes. The Bank Clerk's hilarity was already two miles and a half away, and still moving sixty miles an hour. At length the Young Lady Boarder said she preferred dark meat and the Landlady asked everybody to keep their spoons for the next course.

## HEALTH AND MEDICINE.

THE TEMPERATURE OF DWELLING ROOMS.

From The Medical Record.

Dr. D. Benjamin, of Camden, N. J., has made some observations regarding the subject of the varying temperature of our dwelling rooms which will be found of much practical importance.

Every one knows in a general way that the air of rooms is colider near the floor and near the windows, but the very exact differences of temperature as obtained by Dr. Benjamin are very striking. For example, in a room ten feet high, twelve wide, and twenty long, with a good stove and steady fire the temperature in the centre was found to be 78° F.; four feet from the window it was 70°; one foot from the window 54°, and at the window 40°. At the height of the head the temperature was 75°, at the floor 50°, a difference of 25°. At the ceiling the temperature was 90°, when the temperature at the height of the head was 80°.

The fact that the temperature of dwelling rooms varies so widely explains, no doubt, the frequency with which young children, and even adults, take cold in the house. A child sitting on a nurse's lap in a temperature of 70° gets down and plays on the floor in a temperature ten or more degrees lower, or runs to the window, a change of twenty or thirty decrees. The habit which lates have of waving slippers or light shoes in the house is the cause of many troubles, for these same reasons.

The temperature of a room should be about 70° E.

The temperature of a room should be about 70° F, the temperature of a room should be about 70° F, the bot furnace-heated houses of our cities cause a vast deal of nervous and respiratory trouble. The thermometer should be nung at about the neight of the person's head, and, of course, not near the window or the tove.

HOW TO PERIFT DRINKING WATER.

From the Medical Record.

Professor Dobroslavine, of St. Petersburg, recommends as a means of perifying (clarifying) drinking water the addition to each twelve litres of water of fifty centigrammes of per-chloride of iron and seventy centigrammes of crystalized carbonate of soda. He claims that the precipitate than formed carries with it all suspended impurities, leaving the water, after forty-five minutes, perfectly clear.

CRIME THE RESULT OF EPILEPSY.

Charles K. Mills, M. D., in The Polyetinic.

It has been frequently claimed, and I believe with justice, that terrible crimes have been committed by the unfortunate victims of some of these disorders of memory and consciousness. I have mysel; been called as expert in a few cases in which some question of this sort was the issue. Sometimes those conditions of perverted consciousness follow immediately or remotely after injuries to the head; at other times they occur in patients who are known to be epileptic. In some cases crimes are committed by individuals who are probably epileptic, or at least sufferers from some of these epileptoid affections of consciousness, but who are not known to be afficted by disease. In these latter cases in particular, doubts by disease. In these latter cases in particular, death and

DISINFECTING ROOMS.

From the Sanitary Engineer.

Drs. Guttmann and Merke, of the City Hospital Moabit, in Berlin, have made an investigation as to the relative value of various methods of disinfecting inhabited rooms. The main points kept in view in the inquiry were that a satisfactory method should destroy the vitality of bacteria, should not injure the house or furniture, should not be dangerous to the health of the person in the house or of the person applying it, should involve the least possible labor in its use and be as cheap as possible. The bacillus antrax was taken as the test organism and was dried in silk fibres and scattered through the room, on the rugs, etc. Disinfection was attempted by rubbing the floors, ceilings and walls with disinfectant fluids and by spraying the same on the rugs, etc. The solutions experimented with were a 5 per cent solution of carbolic acid, and solutions of bichloride of mercury of various strengths. Their conclusion is that a solution of bichloride of mercury, I to 1,000, used as a wash and a spray, is the most certain, the cheapest and in all respects the best for disinfecting inhabited rooms.

NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY.

Prom The Jewelers' Westly.

The ruby-cut garnet is a desirable substitute for its more costly namesake, as it possesses considerable brilliancy and richness of color.

Pen-knives, key rings and pocketbooks of silver and gold, or with silver and gold anountings, now occupy considerable space in show-windows.

A very flexible bracelet is now made of small, round button-like links in some ornamental finish, fastened together by pairs of interworking eyes.

Pearl centred and stemmed geranium leaves are favorite forms in black onyx carrings. Three such leaves ranged in a row make a pretty lace pin to match.

A very slender clastic wire bracelet now in request has two horseshoes of diamonds and other stones set with beaded edges close together on the overlapping ends.

Rich smalling bottles in enamel-work, heavy chasing or plain glass with diamond-set top, sometimes costing as much as 5000 or \$600, are among the luxuries which tip jewellers now offer.

Fine artistic enamelled work is more popular than ever.

Large carnations and similar flowers, with the oscillating dew-drog glistening on the leaves, make strikingly brilliant pins or pendants.

In accordance with the growing custom of displaying gems to the beat advantage, very fine chain necklaces, scarcily distinguishable, to which rich pendants are attached, are much in vogue.

A pretty bracelet ornament of recent design consists of two series of graduated balls, one on each side of the wire, forming an oblong oval figure, with a row of diamonds or very leaves the many deer in a short time. They take some old blankets, well seented by means of which they kill a great many deer in a short time. They take some old blankets, well seented with Indians, and fasten them at the blankets, well seented with Indians, and fasten them at the blankets, well seented with Indians, and fasten them at the blankets, well seented with Indians, and fasten them at the blankets. Then taking in a large area of timber, they gradually close in on the frighten deer.

HERE AND THERE.

Said a well-known Broad Church Episcopal clergyman the other day: "The tendency in our Church is
undoubtedly in the direction of High Churchism. This
is seen in the General Convention and in the various
diocessan conventions, as well as in the individual
parishes. Mark my words, when the next General
Convention meets in New-York in, 1889 the Ritualists Convention meets in New-York in 1889 the Risualists will be so strong that they will carry everything before them. We know of course what that means, auricular confessions, the dectrine of the mass, invocation of saints, the expansion of the powers of the priesthood, and generally a repudiation of every distinctive feature of Protestantism. Look at the movement in the parishes to-day. One after another of the strongest of them is feeling the effects of the new propagandism. The doctrines and the services are being 'toned-uy': bits of sacerdotalism are introduced, sometimes under the plea that they are Divines truth and sometimes because they satisfy the longing for aesthetic effects, or because they are so English, you know. Against an open fee one might fight, but against such an insidious enemy there is no adequate defence, and I quite expect some day to wake up and find myself an Anglo-American Catholic with primitive Church trimmings."

It is quite likely that this clergyman exaggerates the tendency which he so much dislikes; but there is no doubt that such a tendency exists, not only in the Episcopal Church but in all the churches. There is to be seen in them a growing tendence it claborate architecture, "churchly" music and a more stately ceremonial in the conduct of public worship. Naturally enough, people who have absorbed the lessons to be learned from such books as "The House Beautiful" will not be averse to the asthetics of Christian worship; in fact, an unexhetic religion would be offensive to them. Hence the recent popularity of responsive and musical services and the traditional iestivals of the Christian Church. Even the most vicent Protestants are being slowly but surely carried down this resistless stream of tendency. It is quite likely that this clergyman exaggerates the

The liking for surpliced choirs, or "vested" choirs as they are now beginning to be called, is rapidly becoming a craze in the Episcopal Church. Moreover, this style of choir, though of course without the surplices, is also beginning to be tried in many non-Episcopal Protestant churches with somewhat doubtful success. The tact is, as an accomplished musician said the other day, a choir of men and boys if not very good is simply intolerable; and it is no exaggeration to say that a large percentage of those now in existence are not good, and in the nature of the case cannot possibly be good. It is well, therefore, that the average church-goer is not a cultivated musician, for if he were he would often suffer the most excraciating agony when he went to church.

"The Boston Transcript" good-naturedly satirizes ome of the alleged worldly tendencies of the churches in a way that church members themselves will enjoy, caricatures though they are. Here are two or three of its sketches which it puts under the heading: "What May be Expected One of These Days":

"The Birds Leave Church was lest exprise the allege.

its sketches which it puts under the heading: "What May be Expected One of These Days":

"The Brick Lane Church was last evening filled by a large and fashionable audience gather to welcome the Kev. Mr. Stellalite, who comes to this city with the most flattering testimonials of the pulpit and press of the West, where he has filled long engagements in nearly all the large cities with unqualified success. If its welcome last evening was a complete ovation, and his efforts from first to last were rewarded with the most ununstakable approval of his delighted listeners. Mr. Stellalige's engagement covers the current week only, and all who wish to hear him (and who does not?) should go early. Every evening, with matiness on Wednesday. Saturday and Sunday.

"A movement is on toot at the Swell Street Church to have the choir and pulpit change places. It is high time that this improvement were effected. The worshippers at this church have too long been subjected to great inconvenience in having to turn their heads to great inconvenience in having to turn their heads to be see the singers. It was at one time proposed to remove the pews and substitute swivel chairs, but the suggestion being made that this would be an unnecessary expense, as nobody, of course, cared to face the pulpit at any time during the service, it was determined to meet the difficulty by the change we have already mentioned. Strange that this would be an unnecessary expense, as nobody, of course, cared to face the pulpit at any time during the service, it was determined to meet the difficulty by the change we have already mentioned. Strange that this would be an unnecessary expense, as nobody, of course, cared to face the pulpit at any time during the service, it was determined to be services at the Nazarene Church. The practice of admitting pedestrians had resulted in the attendance of scores of persons of the lower classes almost every sunday, until the annoyance became quite unbearable. The Nazarene Church has made a move in the right that the Buck

The Nazarone Church has made a move in the right direction.

"We are pleased to be able to inform our readers that the Buckminster Avenue Church has just been furnished with a new range and all the necessary utensils for cooking. We shall expect to hear of reawazening of interest among the worshippers at this elegant tabernacle in consequence of this new convenience. Indeed, as we pen these lines, we are informed that the formation of a new anateur theatrical club is on the tapis, and that it will include in its membership many of our best citizens. We are requested to say that parties hereafter hiring the chapel for balls and like entertainments can have the use of the range and cooking utensils at small additional expense."

the Easter elections for wardens and vestrymen in Episcopal churches are usually very quiet affairs. In-deed, for a large number of people to turn out to vote for these officers is a sure sign of trouble in the parisb. For where things are running smoothly no one takes the trouble to go. For instance, in a large and well ordered parish, not far from this city, no one appeared at the Easter parish meeting but the assistant minister, one pew-holder and the sexton. The assistant minister took the chair and appointed the pew-holder secretary. Then at the suggestion of the secretary the clergy man wrote the names of the old wardens and yestrymen on the margin of a morning newspaper, which he gave to the sexton. The sexton solemnly put the slip in his hat, then the secretary took the slip out of the bat, read the names aloud, and the chairman declared them unanimously elected for the ensuing year. The great majority of Easter elections are nearly as informal as this one.

Both Presbyterians and Episcopalians will be interested in the comparison which "The Interior" (Presbyterian) makes between the Presbyterian and the Episcopal Churches. "In 1871," it says, "the reunited Presbyterian Church (Northern) reported an united Presbyterian Church (Northern) reported an aggregate membership of 455,378, in 1883 one of 600,695. The rate of increase for the period embraced in those figures was, say, 32 per cent. In the year 1871 the Protestant Episcopal Church reported 236,929 communicants; in 1883 it was able to report 372,484—a gain within the same period of a little more than 57 per cent—26 per cent more than ours. The fact that the Protestant Episcopal Church covers our entire country, while ours covers but a part of it, can, of course, have no influence upon the percentage of increase of either. But let us go a step further in this commarison. In 1871 the total contributions of of increase of either. But let us go a step further in this comparison. In 1871 the total contributions of our Presbyterian churches for churca work were to ported as amounting to \$9,097,706: in 1883 those contributions amounted to \$9,661,493—au increase of 6 2-10 per cent. In 1871 the total offerings of the Protestant Episcopal Church for missions were reported at \$16,384,712; in 1883 at \$23,217,765—an increase of 42 per cent. It has given us pain and not pleasure to present these comparisons, but if they shall stimulate our people to first aid their own work, as our Episcopal brethren do, and to imitate them in an increased liberatity and in zealous efforts in the work of home missions, our labor, unpleasant as it has been, will not have been in vain."

"It is quite possible," says "The Guardian," of "It is quite possible." says "The Guardian," of London, "to overdo the mere quantity of flowers in a church. No one in a private house thinks of heaping flowers indiscriminately on the tables as we see them very often heaped on the altars of our churches. There is a point at which decoration ceases to be beautiful or devotional, and becomes irreverent; and that point is not unfrequently reached under the present regime of excessive rivalry in decorating. To see an altar overloaded with meaningless masses of flowers, to hear a sermon delivered from amidst a sort of hedge of leaves, to have one's eyes distracted by novel and incongruous lines of ornamentation, these experiences, so far from stimulating devotion, repress it and produce either amusement or irritation. When to these occasions for censorious criticism within the church, where all minds ought to be undisturbed, is added the consciousness of the fussiness and ill-temper that too often accompanies the work of decoration, we cannot honestly say that the system is always conducive to the best interests of religion."



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